FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

CATEBRED FROM THE RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL PRESS.

Words of Wiedom On Religious and Moral Subjects Which Are Worthy Attention From the Thoughtfal,

O, love that casts out fear, O, love that casts out sin!

Tarry no more without; But come and dwell within. Surround us as we go; So shall our way be safe, Our feet no straying know.

Great love of God, come in, Wedl-spring of heavenly peacel. Thou living water, come.

Spring up and never cease. Love of the living God. Of Father and of Son-Love of the Holy Ghost,

Fill thou each needy one! A HIGHLAND COMMUNION.

Mr. A Fraser Robertson's Account_Its Simplicity.

In these days when the adaptation of ert and invention to the needs of Christian worship sometimes robs it of its simplicity and purity, Mr. A. Fraser Robertson's account of "A Highland Communion" reads like a story of the old Covenanters. It was when tramping across the moors of Scotland last summer on a Sonday morning that Mr. Frazer on a Sunday morning that Mr. Frazer Robertson came upon an impressive

He was first attracted towards a brown ridge of moor, purple with heather, in early bloom, by the sound of music faintly floating through the air. There, beneath him, on reaching the summit of the hillock, he saw an open-air Highland Communion. On a green plateau, some what beneath the level of the moor, they had spread the simple feast. Nothing more absolutely solitary than the spot enosen could well have been imagined. Save for the white-washed church, standdistant about a stone's throw, there was berily a human dwelling in sight. Sloping brown hillocks, forming a sort of natural amplificative, rose from the green tlat. On the sides of these, and clustering densely about the table was gathered a ongregation numbering something like onsregation numbering seaton wooden a thousand souls. Some sat on wooden forms. Here and there appeared a campstool, but for the most part, they simply squatted on the green grass. It was a picture dear to the Scottish heart, such as has been preserved to us in paintings which yet strive feebly to convey the original. Just so might our feerless Covenanting forefathers have met in fugitive enating foreigners have met in fugitive conventicle, two hundred years ago, on moor and plain-in dens and caves of the earth-liable at any moment to the rude interruption of their persecutors. The central feature of the picture was a long, white covered table, with wooden

forms running down each side. At one end of this, placed at right angles to it, stood a rough wooden cupboard on which were placed two pewier cups, and a plate holding the sacred elements. A rude covered box, open at one side, did duty as a shelter for the various speakers. Such were all the simple preparations. Round about the table, in a dense semi-circle, sat the people. There were old and young, hale and feeble. But for the most part they were old-old women with black shawls and black bonnets, and neat white lappets, shading wrinkled, weather-beaten faces and dark earnest eyes; old men, with bared heads and floating white hair, bent shoulders and uncertain step. Some of the frailest had literally to be helped to the table, and tottered as they ness was the strongest plea for being there. The nearer they found them-selves to the end of life's appointed span, the more urgent seemed to them the call to the sacrament. Not a few of these old bodies had been folted in carts over rough roads for distances of ten and afteen miles. One shuddered to think how the feeble frames must have suffered had it been cold or inclement weather. But the day was mercifully fine, neither too powerful sunshine nor wind. There were patches of brilliant color, made here and there by tarian plaids and shawls and colored wrappings, and on every was an expression of profound

About fifty sat down to the table at a time. Then the elders moved down each side, collecting the "tokens." The minister came out of the extemporized pulpit, and said a few words in Gaelic, placing the elements on the table, and these were passed slowly down from top to bottom. passed slowly down from top to bottom.
Luring the actual Communion, the
minister stood forward, and with uncovered head, addressed the people. He had
abundant gesture, and a sing-song, rather monotoneus voice, but he spoke well
out. His attitude seemed to me perhaps
denunciatory rather than conciliatory. It
may have been that, in his opening remarks, he was following the ancient
Scottish custom of "fenoing the tables." Scottish custom of "fencing the tables." But looking round on the upturned, earnest faces, one was fain to hope that he was imparting to these poor souls-meany of them evidently weary and heavy laden-something of the love of the Gosrather than of the rigor of the When the minister had spoken for about fifteen minutes he gave out the Psalm. An old precenter, with gray, un-covered head, stepped forward and chanted the first line, after which the people ok it up and repeated it. It is almost impossible to convey the effect pro-duced. No one who has not heard it for himself can hope to realize it—the inexpressible thrill that ran through one as the wild, plaintive melody rose and fell on the air. There was the thin, pathetic quaver of age, dragging behind here and there. Then a man's deep, mellow bass, and mingling with these, the clear, carolling note of some young girl, tising easily on the still air. Again, a line by the precenter alone, and again, the united voice of the congregation in the old Scot-tish tunes dear to the Scottish heart. The effect was little short of over-power-

MAN'S REAL WORLD.

His Happiness Independent of Things. The error of the ethics which makes virtue the pursuit of happiness, is in looking outward and among fortunate conditions for that fount of eternal wouth which flows within. Man's satisfaction is thus made dependent or things—things which are infinite in num ber and depend each upon the other, so that in order to control the nearest of them he would have to control the

farthest, and all between, that is, be omnipotent, a physical God.

A million acres of artificial Eden could not by any wall of ownership, shut out the world's bad weather, nor drive the east wind round to the west. Comforts themselves enjected and render those who are least exposed to roughness, the most sensitive in exposure. Luxuries fever appetite instead of allaying it, and deaden relish they sate, and no wretch is so the relish they sate, and no wretch is so poor as he whose appetite has grown by indulgence until wealth cannot gratify the craving that remains; craving without zest, and therefore without relish; craving which simply graves—aimless, higgard, hot-throated, and siarving with its lap full of withered pleasures.

In that inner realm, that realm of thought, then, man must find his world. Nothing alien can enter there. There he is illimitably at home and therefore everywhere free; his very impulses being

of philosophy, of art, of religion. In it faith abides, and hope, and the charity that never faileth. From it comes those that never faileth. From it comes those ideas of justice, order, beauty, which, though dressed in coarse raiment of sense, show by their mich that they are messengers from a celestial clime. Toward it fly all longings for good, all aspirations for immortality, as awallows follow the summer.—Rev. R. A. Holland, S. T. D.

The Church of Christ. The Church of Christ is a great divine, acknowledged reality. It is not a religion; it is the light of the world. And the earth no more certainly acknow-ledges the risen sun than the whole face and soul of humanity have acknowledged and do acknowledge and respond to the light of the Sun of Righteoutness, risen with healing in His wings. We may as well talk of the sun, and moon and stars, of air and life, of food and drink, of the souls of men, as matters of opinion, as call the Christian religion by that name. It does not rest on reason, or grow out of syllogisms; it is a revela-tion, it presents itself to the famishing of humanity, and the soul siezes it as its life and light. It runs about from one end of heaven to the other, and nothing can resist its light and heat. It is not intolerant, but overwhelming. Darkness flies before it. Men are ashamed of their follies and vain imaginations, and cast their idles to the moles and bats in its presence. It is not a matter of opin-ion. It does not contend with idois, false doctrine, and imaginations, and high thoughts that exalt themselves against a knowledge of God; but it stands and speaks in the strength of the Lord, and the majesty of the Lord, its God. In the light of heaven it commands submission to its sovereign king. This is the invisible church—the Bride of Christ—fair, clear, terrible, and irresistible.—John L. Wil-

liams, in P. E. Review.

St. Francis of Assisi. Six hundred years have passed since St. Francis trod the Umbrian roads, spreading the fire and love of his spirit. Since then the world has swung through many changes, has been burned in many fires, and in many agonics has faced the birth of new truths. We have traveled so far away from the spirit of the medieval period that we have almost completed the circle. Unconsciously we are making our way back to the old ideals; to grasp as a moral stimulus the old fire of self-sacrifice and common love. What else is meant by our vague strivings after universal brotherhood, our dream of the parliament of man, the Federation of the World?" It is merely the farthest shoreward ring of that ripple which St. Francis made when he dropped into the sea of men's affections this gauntlet against the avarice and selfishness of the favored classes in his days. Tennyson, the very embodiment of the temperament of the nineteenth century. in his arraignment of the faults and category of the virtues of the age, cried

ut-"Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again!"

The Important Things.

My friends, there are things which it is a shame and an absurdity for any earnest man to care about with any serious care but there are other things about which a man must care, or he is no real man. Whether he is good and honest, whether is getting more truth and charac-whether the world is better for his living, whether he is finding God-God help us to care for these things with all our hearts. They are the things, the care for which we shall never outgrow; for, for those things the souls giorified will still care, and talk of them upon the streets of heaven.

Greatness of Heart,

He only is great of heart, who floods He only is great of heart, who floods the world with a great affection. He only is great of mind who srirs the verild with great thoughts. He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career. And he is greatest who does the most of all these things, and does them best.—Roswell D. Hitcherck.

His Reign.

He were the purple a year and a day,-His pride was high, and his will was "Then why was his reign so short," they

He ruleth gently that ruleth long!

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

Respecting The General News in the Churches.

The venerable Bishop Williams, Connecticut, is to have a suitable me-morial to his longevity and usefulness. It will take the form of a new library in connection with Berkeley Divinity School, in which he has a warm interest. The sum of \$50,000 will be raised for the erection and maintenance of the library, in which will be stored the \$5,000 volumes belonging to the school.

It is not yet St. Joan of Arc, but it may It is not yet St. Joan of Arc, but it may soon be. She has not been beatified, but it has been decided by the Congregation of Rites to present her name to a commission for decision as to whether she shall be. Inasmuch, however, as this is seldom done until it is practically decided to carry the project through, it is not improbable but that the beatification will take place in due time. will take place in due time.

The Free Church of Scotland has

erected a hospital by the Sea of Galilea-for the use of its mission at Tiberias. The hospital is now complete, and is commodious and handsome. It is not a large hospital, having room only for

It is announced that a Russian prince who came to this country as a represen-tative of the Imperial Geographical So-ciety of St. Peterslang, has joined the Salvation Array. With the approval of the leaders of the Array, he proposes to make the attempt to establish a branch in Paging to tablest the collections. Russia to relieve the exiles along the route going to Siberia. He has sailed for Europe to secure the Czar's permission.

Among the English pilgrims to Jerusalem, who have already started on their journey, are the Bishop of Worcester, who will preach in Jeruzalem; Archdeacon Farrar, who will lecture in Rome, and Professor Mahaffy, who will lecture in They will first visit Milan, Rome, Palestine aboard the steam yacht Sun-niva, which was recently chartered from Baren Rothschild.

According to the Toronto Guardian Protestantism in Germany shows steady increase, notwithstanding the numbers in which members of the Reformed church which hembers of the Relation and to Ameri-ca. In 1863, there were 24,231,650 Pro-testants in the Empire, and 14,564,000 Romen Catholics. In 1891, when the last census was taken, there were 21,025,810 Protestants, and 17,671,921 Roman Catho-In Alsace-Lerraine, the Protestants are increasing in number, while the Roan Catholics are decreasing.

The new caendar for 1894, of the English Wesleyan Methodists, states that in Great Britain, associated with the Wesieyan Methodism are 2,101 ministers, and 450,664 members, including those on trial; in Ireland, 226 ministers, and 26,723 members. Associated with for missions are 362 ministers and 4 members; and in connection with French South African, West Indian, and Australiasian conferences, 947 ministers, and 200 GSS members-a total of 3,636 ministers,

The sudden great recession which the Old Catholics under Archbishop Villatte, gained in receiving Kolasinski, and his immense church of Poles, in Detroit, Mich., has all been lost again, for Father Kolahe is illimitably at home and therefore everywhere free; his very impulses being the invitations of an omnific power that waits only his consent to carry them out, while ever before him and as his own, he sees the absolute truth, which is the pattern and test of all truths, and holds the hand of that right which is the ulimate might of the universe.

See know the realm. It is the domain

A ROMANCE OF AN

(Written for the Times.) "The Castle" is a grey granite building, which stands on an eminence near the center of a large southern plantation. the halls are broad, the rooms large and square, the ceilings lofty, and a veranda, whose columns are almost hidden half the year with honeysuckle and ciematis, surrounds the entire structure. An immense lawn stretches out in the front and rear to the highway on one side, and to a large garden full of old-fashioned flowers on the other.

At the time my story begins, the owner and sole occupant of "The Castle" was Colonel Durean MacLeod : His grandfatherhad come to America from Scotland, and built this home for himself and his posterity. Colonet Duncan Mac-Leod, a well-preserved, handsome man of sixty, had been a widower ten years. His two daughters were married, and lived in different States. His time was spent in his rare library, and for several years his books took the place of wife, children, and friends. Sometimes when the half-burned fire on the broad hearth and the shadows of the waning twilight caused him to close the volume before him and invited him to retrospection, he recalled, perhaps, bright faces and tender

allowed his neighbors to fight the political battles so desperately waged by the Whigs and Democrats. He concerned the Whigs and Democrats. He concerned himself more about the romantic mythologies of the Orientals, the Greeks, and the Latins. It was of more interest to him to trace the triune relationship of Isis, Osiris, and Horus, of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, than to help put Henry Clay or Andrew Jackson in the White Heuse. But the time came when the monotony of this life became wearists. the monotony of this life became weari-some to Colonel MacLeod, and he adopted a method of relief worthy of the ingenuity of the representative young American, who cultivated his literary tastes by reading police gazettes and dime novels. To be brief, he advertised in a number of Northern papers for a wife. The advertisement was:

WANTED .- A SOUTHERN PLANTER desires to correspond with a lady of respectable parentage, with a view to matrimony. References xchang Address D. C. McL. The Castle,

In less than a week after the appearance of this advertisement he received about one hundred answers to it. One if these, which was about the twentieth

he opened, was as follows:

My Dear Sir,—It is evident to me that you are in earnest. I am a poor but respectable girl, a native of Vermont, and I fancy I would like the easy plantation. life of the Southern women. Send me your photograph, give me a statement as to the condition of your estates, and if they are satisfactory, I will be your wife, I am thirty years old, I enclose my photograph and names of two prominent lawyers of my town to whom you may refer. Respectfully AGNES CLARKE.

Ingleside, Vt.

The old gentleman exclaimed, after he had read this direct and candid note, written in a graceful and delicate hand:

"By all the gods of the Nile, this suits me. She will do. I will not only comply with her request, but I will promise to make her heiress to one-half of my estate. In fact, I shall give this home to her, and the children must be satisfied with bonds.

has acted, but we are originals, we are poor, and she is determined.

"The references you gave aer cordially endorse you. I have brought a clergy-man with me, who will perform the ceremony, if after seeing sister, you both decide to take the important step.

Respectfully. JOHN CLARK."

Respectfully. JOHN CLARK."
The old housekester received orders to be prepared to receive quests that night, and Colonel MacLeod, arrayed in his best and Colonel MicLeod, arrayed in his best suit of black cloth, and scated in his starely-used carriage, soon presented him-self at the entrance of the country lan. Everything had been kept perfectly quiet. The villagers had just Leard of the arrival of three strange guests. Their astro-himent knew no bounds when sav-eral of them were saled into the applicaeral of them were called into the partor of the inn to witness the marriage ecramony of a graceful, well-dressed, self-possesed young woman to the wealthlest planter in the neighborhood, Colonel MacLeod. The brother and clergyman were driven to "The Castle" in the carriage, with the bride and groom. The Corone was deferential in his bearing to-wards the newly-made Mrs. MacLecel, who calculy looked out upon the hectalful landscapes that extend d for miles or, each side of the road, or answered in a low roft voice, the greations address t thirty-six patients. The mission work is to her. She was more composed than vigorously prosecuted, being greatly and number of the party. The Colonel assisted by the medical treatment offered freely in the hospital to needy classes and had worshipped them at and also outside its enclosure. dight nervousness in the presence of this woman who had so suddenly be-come a part of himself. And then his daughters and friends. He did not care what they thought of his escapade, but would they treat this fair and refined-looking bride of his preperly? This puzzled him somewhat. With par-donable pride, he pointed to his new brother-in-law and the strange clergy-

man, the broad acres that belonged to his estate. The amazement of the housekeeper and the negroes on the arrival of the bridal party may be imagined. But by the time that Mrs. MacLeod and the visiors had descended into the supper room, where ample preparations had been made order was restoted. Colorel MarLeol had called his household into the library, and unnounced the news with more than his usual dignity. When the graceful mistress entered the room on his arm, clad in a soft robe of white cachmers, with a spray of orange blossoms fastened in the spriy of orange blossoms fastened in the coil of brown wavy half, she found half a dozen obsequious slaves, who yied with each other in showing her attention. With a smile, and perfect self-possession that gratified and somewhat surprised the old Colonel, she nedded to them and took her seat at the head of the table behind the old-fashloned silver ten service. "Plucky, proud, and clever," he thought as he glanced from the opposite end of the table, "but a mystery to me." Isis, Memphis, Magians, myths, children, friends, all were forgotten for the moment. The clersyman and the brother were pleased with the evidence of wealth and with the gentility of the host, as well as with his wines and fare. The evening pussed pleasantly. Next morning on leaving, Mr. Clark said: "Colonel MacLeod, I am reconciled to my sister's caprice. As I told you we are orphans, she is of age, and when I saw she was determined to accept your proposition, I came with her. It is the streament. oil of brown wavy hair, she found half determined to accept your proposition, I came with her. It is the strangest marriage on record. I hope, however, it will be as fortunate for you as it seems to

incredulous, for the bridegroom had not sought to conceal the facts in the care.
The daughters were furlous. They were so angry that when their letters in which they refused to see their fati again, as he had "dagraced" them a "profaned their mother's name," the tiqurian became thoroughly around object of all this vituperation was a ting opposite him in the library, look prettier than usual in a blue silk dress the Colonel had gelected for her himself knitting a scarf for him. read the letters to her. As the see they he exclaimed, "So, Agnes, you see they are unwilling for me to have in my are unwilling for me to have in my are unwilling for me to have in my read the letters to her. As he finish decilning years the comfort of your presence. I shall disinherit them, I shall

leave all to you."
"No, Colonel MacLeod." she quietly interposed, "you must not alter your original contract with me. You will leave me this home. It is enough. You are very kind to me. It is more than I expected. You give me case, luxury, you have taken me out of the depths of poverty—a thing which I loathe, hate, despise more than the control of the depths of poverty—a thing which I loathe, hate, despise more than anght else. If I can

make adequate return-"Do not speak of it, Agnes," he an-wered quietly, "I had forgotten how swered quietly, "I had longotten now sweet life could be before you came. I do not wrong the dead in loving you." "Then you do not wrong the living," she interrupted. "But do you love me?" she added archly.

"Pardon me then," he answered, "I do love you, How could I help it? You are very fair. You are a dever woman You please me in every way. I would have made myself ridiculous if I had courted you as younger men might have done. You married me for my money, I suppose. I made the proposal to you in a business-like way. It was a little absurd and irregular, my neighbors say, but I do not think of that. I think I am fortunate in finding so lovable a woman under the circumstances."
"Under the circumstances, I think so

too," she laughingly replied. "I have had worse faults than poverty "But, Agnes, suppose you find these people will not treat you as you deserve and as my wife should be treated?" he

asked, with some solicitude. She readily answered, "I married you, heals many wounds, perhaps time and patience will overcome prejudice and make these peo-ple and your daughter's forget the pecultar circumstances of our marriage. They were peculiar and I am not surorised at the results."

"What a wise woman you are," he ex-chimed with a look of undisquised ad-miratior, "You are not surprised! Well, I cm; I never thought of the results. But if I had foreseen it all I would not have foregone the peasure you have given me, if it had been a thousand times ucrse." The Colonel endorsed this assertion by raising her hands to his lips. He noticed for the first time that her hand showed marks of labor, and he raised it again and kissed the spot where the mental work she hand had her. the menial work she hated had left its

required time to recondle Colonel Mac-Leod's friends to his wife, who came to him under such circumstances. Her own pleasing face and manner, her gentle-ness, at the sick bed of slave or neighbor. her fidelity to Colonel MacLeod and his interests, doubtless greatly aided time in thanging matters. Before Colonel Mac-Leod died, however, his friends were willing enough to know that he had be-queathed "The Castle" and everything on her request, but I will promise to make her request, but I will promise to make her heiress to one-half of my estate. In fact I shall give this home to her, and the children must be satisfied with bonds and negroes?"

He lighted two more wax candles, and closely scanned the photograph, A pair of honest blue eyes met his. Richard of honest blue eyes met his. Richard or married people are generally which the dark brown hair clustered around a hich while brow. A firm profity mouth, a delicately chiselled nose, a shapely head, proudly poised on sloping shoulders, completed the picture on which the old man's gaze lingered. That high his letter to her was posted, and the letters of the other applicants for the position were hurned unread. In a short time a servant from the neighboring town handed him a summons to this effect.

"Dear Sir.—My stater, who is eld enough to act for herself, is here for the purpose of the manner in which sho not approve of the manner in which sho not approv life at "The Casile" had been a tranquil and a happy one. She had known many

case. After a brief courtship, during which, perhaps, her suitor's impassioned wards, vows of devotion, and moons light serenales with his guitar, made her hink her tranquil married life a very She suggested that they should continuate live at "The Castle," a suggestion he very readily accepted, as he had no home of his own. Besides, she remembered that Colonel MacLeod was buried in a private let near "The Castle," and once during his last illness he had said to her: "It is a pleasant thought, dear wife, to feet that my last resting place will be so near you—so near that you will think of me every day, and, perhaps, place a flower over my grave, which will ever belong to you."

Before a year had claused she bitterly

belong to you."

Before a year had clapsed she bitterly regretted her second marriage. She was too proud to show it except by the wrinkles and gray hairs which her sorrow brought her. Her spendthrift husband began to sell her negroes. In her suffering she falled to give her plantation the attention it required, consequently, the crops were inferior, and her stock became reduced in value. At this juncture the war commanced. Her husband possibly from his love of change and venture, or possibly because her sad worn face haunted him, was anxious for an excuse to leave home. He made a final lovy on his wife's purse, and equipped a levy on his wife's purse, and equipped a levy on his wife's purse, and equippe a company of which he was chosen captain. Left once more alone, she sought to build up her injured fortunes. Every morning fresh ruses were placed on the grave she had never neglected. The old books in the library that he had loved to read became her companions. Quietly a year or two passed. In the meantime the civil strife became more violent.

to the man who had deceived her for the sake of her money. Sometimes, in her lonely hours, she would wonder it God had intended this last marriage as her punishment, a retribution, because, had she not married Colonel MacLeod to free herself from the shackles of

But then, she had learned to love him, and she had been true to him in every thought. If this second one had never crossed her path, how peaceful her if the would have been, and how much good she might have done with the wealth the generous, noble hearted dead had left her! One evening her reverie was broken by a telegram from the battlefield near Richmond, it was from her husband. It read, "Come to me; I am wounded," That ment the made a will be considered the sages of the world. ded." That night she made a will, be-queathing the "Castle" to Colonel Mac-Leod's daughters. The next morning she left for the scene of the battle, Arriv-Days' fight was still raging. She could find no trace of her husband in the city. Intrepid and fearless in the perfermance of what she considered her duty, she hired a horse and started towards the battlefield. She was a superb horsewoman as accomplishment, she owed to Colonel. an accomplishment she owed to Colonel MacLeod, and soon reached a point near which she supposed the first days' battle had been fought. Every man on the company knew and respected her. She hoped to flad some of them from who she expected to gain definite information. No thought of danger had entered her mind. But as she came nearer the sound of the conflict, a shot struck her, and wounded, she paused. The sharpshooter, whose ball had entered her shoulder, came up as she fell from her horse, and, guided by some instinct which told him be for her."

"The advantage is all on my side, I assure you," gallantly replied the Colonel, "and I shall spare no pains to make her contented."

The negroes on the plantation thoughf that "Master" had made a wonderful match. They knew nothing of the lady's confessed poverty. The neighbors were guided by some instinct which told him he had mistaken an innocent woman for a disgulated spy, he caught her in his arms. She retained her consciousness looking for her husband who was wounded. The blue-coated soldier had her conveyed to a Federal hospital. Toward night inflammation and brain fever set in. In her wild, delirious raving, the

only name she uttered was that of "Dun- A VERY STRANGE STORY. can MacLeod," while she would seem to wander, now among the green hills of her native Versiont, now on the sunny slopes around "the Castle," and now on the banks of the Lotus-bordered Nile, among the columns of ruined Momnonian temples and long-forgotten shrines. The physician who attended her became very much interested in her case, Her correspond mention of a locality is Versional mention of a locality is Version. occasional mention of a locality in Ver-mont caused him to send for the Colonel of a Vermont regiment. When the Colo-nel came, the doctor stepped forward and said, "She is sleeping. The crisis is at hand. I think she is the wife of a rebel colonel, to whom she seems de-votedly attached, and whose body she was looking for when the sharpshooter

"What is the Colonel's name?" inquired Colonel Clark, in a low tone. "Colonel Duncan MacLeod," whispered

the physician.
"My God! She is my sister!" exclaimed The officer, stepping toward the cot. The movement awakened the sleeper, whose wide-opened eyes shown with the reason that precedes death. She saw and recognized Colonel Clark, and murmured "Brother!" He head rested on his breast a moment, when her eyes opened, as if she saw a vision beyond the low walls of the room. Was it the delirium, and strength of fever that made her stretch out her arms, and say in a low, distinct

My darling, I come to you where the river is always bright, where the lotus and the asphodel never fade, where the temples never crumble. Her body was buried in her native Vermont, and the white tombstone bears

the name: "AGNES MACLEOD."

Her unworty husband's corpse, mutila-ted almost beyond recognition, was found by his comrades on one of the later battlefields of the war. CARRIE JENKINS HARRIS.

COEDUCATION.

The Words of a Fromment Educator On

favors the practice; indeed, it may be seen each other, safely affirmed that scarcely one instance a known of a community going back I confessed to rom it after thorough trial. Permit me o add the opinion of an educator whom il Virginiane honor; a man of distinulahed probity and authority on educaonal questions to whom Legislatures are gladly listened. I refer to the Hon. 'cabody Educational Fund. In a letter to the writer, a few years ago, when the question of coeducation was being agitated in a sister State, Dr. Curry used

this language:
"Coeducation is the wisest economy, secures the best moral and intellectual results, does tardy justice to the women, and accords with that natural blending of the sexes in family, in State, in the churches, which God established as the social order of his world. We should hasten to correct the scanty provision made for the education of women by churches, which God established as the social order of his world. We should hasten to correct the scanty provision made for the education of women by opening colleges and universities alike to both sexes." In one of his annual reports to the Peabody Trustee's, Dr. Curry said: "The enormous endowments in scholarship, fellowship, libraries, museums, lectures, professorships, which private or denominational or public beneficence has so generously created for one sex, should injustice be shared by the other." * Outside the public schools, with their contracted courses, comparatively little has been done for women, while in the century of our life as a people willions have been contributed in support of colleges, universities, scientific schools for men. In many States, little has been done for women.

to waste time in trying a plan which Harvard has just discarded as not the best. Admission to all the classes of hest. Admission to an the classes of the University should be granted the women next year. The Legislature should give tuition to Virginia women on the same terms as to Virginia men."

A hundred years ago Thomas Jefferson, the founder of the University of Vir-

the founder of the University of virginia, and the greatest American exemplar of Democracy, announced the formula of the new republic when he declared, "Let us educate all the children! Then our descendants will be wiser than we, and can achieve many good things become the formula of the control of the co

we, and can achieve many good things impossible for us."

Give every child, male and female, an equal opportunity to develop the nature God has given it with free environment to achieve its own best possibilities. Beginning three hundred years ago with the European monastic theory that knowledge, and especially the higher culture, was a masculine prerogative in which was a masculine prerogative in which women had little part or lot, and that part to be implicitly decided by men, we part to be injusted at the road to the per-gre now far along on the road to the per-fect equality in educational opportunities between men and women. This progress has nothing to do with any theory concerning the resemblance or difference of nature. There is no sex in culture or in science. Because a girl eats the same breakfast as her brother, she does not become a boy. So upon the same intel-lectual pabellum every order of the mind grows according to the laws of its

We beseech our representatives in the Legislature to let no hard and fast theory of state, education, and society, upon which the world has been working for twenty centuries, keep them from doing their duty. Let us stop doing the traditional thing and do the just thing. E. S. SHEPPE. Stauntou, Va., February 7, 1894.

Get Acquainted Wath Yourself.

Young man the books will bid you read, The seem from Kant to Plato. And though you swing a blacksmith's sledge.
Or dig within the trenches.

Hold up your head with those that sit Upon the highest benches. Oh! read the sages of the world, And let their wisdom win you But get acquainted with yourself, And find what you've got in you.

In modest arrogance of soul, Make your own valuation.

Make your own valuation.

Then slowly make the siuggard world,
Accept your estimation.

Go, get acquainted with yourself, Before your leaf is yellow.

You'll find the man beneath your hat
Is something of a fellow.

Then stir him out, and prod him up,
Before his force has fainted, Go, get acquainted with yourself, Then make the world acquainted.

Then trust the man beneath your hat, And when you come to know him, You'll find a fellow fit to grace, A novel or a poem. Go, get acquainted with yourself, You'll find that very few are, For tasks for which you were designed, A better man than you are. Young man, the books will bid you read

The seers from Kant to Plato But get acquainted with yourself, You are no small potato. —Sam Walter Foss, in Boston Globe. The textile congress of France has de

cided to adopt a standard list of prices

HOW ONE OF ROSTON'S BRILLIANT YOUNG LAWYERS FELL IN LOVE

An Account of the Novel Methods Adopted by His Father to Cure Him of the Mal. ady and What Resulted from Them.

Out of doors a snow storm was raging. The clocks were striking the hour of six as I placed the last piece of my copy upon the city editor's hook preparatory

to leaving the office for supper. I was about to start when a messenger boy came bolting in and handed me a message. Imagine, if you can, my surprise and pleasure when I found that it was from an old and dear friend whon I had not seen for years, and who had just arrived in the city. He was stopping

just arrived in the city. He was stopping at Murphy's, where he wanted me to come and dine with him.

Without much deliberation I started out of the office to meet my friend. His name is Tom Perry. Ten years ago we met one September morning upon the campus of Harvard College, two very green and gulling freshmen. Four years afterwards, when we issued from the academic shades of our Alma Mater, we were bosom friends.

When we parted I took a position upon

friends.

When we parted I took a position upon the reportorial staff of Richmond's leading daily, while Tom went into the law office of his father, who intended that his son should be a shining acquisition to the Boston bar. We had not seen each other for six years, but by a continuous cor-respondence had kept in touch with each

ther.
When I reached Murphy's the door was pened by Tom himself. After the first When I reached Murphy's the door was opened by Tom himself. After the first greeting Tom suggested dinner, a proposition which I readily seconded.

Two men-one a poor reporter and the other the son of a millionaire—sat down to dinner on the night of which I am writing, and to such a dinner as would cause the most fastidious epicurian to approve of the caterer's skill. From the little Blue Point oysters to ... chambague all was perfect.

Editor Times: Your Lynchburg correspondent, in yesterday's Times, has shown, past doubt, that the testimony of distinguished educators, who have observed and studied the results of coeducation in higher institutions of learning, strongly favors the practice; indeed, it may be seen each other.

Two Romantie Young Men.

I confessed to having been in love. Tom I confessed to having been in love. Tom was not more fertunate in that respect than myself. From some remarks dropped by him prior to his confession, I gathered the following account of his love affair: When he left college he went directly into his father's office, and with his natural genius, combined with application, soon took a prominent stand among the savants of the Hub. His mother had died during his freshman year, so that by the time he had obtained some degree of prominence as a practitioner, his father had been a widower for eight years.

for eight years. Tom was twenty-six years of age before he awoke to the fact that he was an love, and it was not with one of Boston's ultra blue-bloods either, but with 'the old man's' typewriter. She was not like any typewriter I have ever heard of. She could copy a lawyer's

It was two weeks after this talk that the junior member of the firm was lifty reclining upon the main veranda of that palatial hotel, the "Ponce do Leon," smoking his after-dinner clear. He was thinking of all manner of things, but particularly or a face and figure he had so recently left. He had tried to forget her, but this was useless. He had reached the conclusion that he was the most thoroughly unfortunate fellow going, when his thoughts were suddenly turned from his troubles by a telegram which was handed him by a porter. It was from his father:

'Mr. Thomas Perry:

"Have been married, Expect me to-night. Expect me to-"Have been married. Expect me tonight.

The telegram fell from Tom's fingers;
he drew a deep sigh, while a long-drawn
out "Well" escaped his lips. He thought
of a certain crusty widow with whom
he knew his father had been in love for
years. He saw the whole thing at a
glance. His father was atraid he would
oppose the match, and he had conceived
the klea of sending him away, and then
had "stolen a march on him." Thoughts
of his mother-in-iaw arose in his mind
like some horrible nightmare. He could
see her—the thought made him shudder.
All at once a desperate revenge flashed
into his mind. He knew his father would
never forgive him for it. He would return home and offer his heart and hand
to the typewriter. If his father could
marry a widow of twenty, why could
not he try to wed the typewriter?

It was nearly time for the northern

It was nearly time for the northern express. Tom was impatiently awaiting on the platform.

Presently the train came thundering in. All was bustle and excitement. Tom watched for the old man. He felt almost as if he had rather run than speak to his new mether. Some he was his

most as if he had rather run than speak to his new mother. Soon he saw his father making his way toward him. Following closely behind was his wife. At first he could not see what she looked like, but he imagined she was grayer than ever. He stepped forward to meet his father; they grasped hands; then, with a heroic effort, he turned to his stepmother. Their eyes met—it was his father's pretty typewriter. J. A. WHEAT,

An authority is of the opinion that the natives of Mashonaland are all descended from a commercial people, who, some 3,000 years ago, penetrated from

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